

Is Pe-ru-na Useful for Catarrh?

Should a list of the ingredients of Peruna be submitted to any medical expert, of whatever school or nationality, he would be obliged to admit without reserve that the medicinal herbs composing Peruna are of two kinds. First, standard and well-tried catarrh remedies. Second, well-known and generally acknowledged tonic remedies. That in one or the other of these uses they have stood the test of many years' experience by physicians of different schools. There can be no dispute about this, whatever. Peruna is composed of some of the most efficacious and universally used herbal remedies for catarrhal diseases, and for such conditions of the human system as require a tonic. Each one of the principal ingredients of Peruna has a reputation of its own in the cure of some phase of catarrh or as a tonic medicine.

The fact is, chronic catarrh is a disease which is very prevalent. Many thousand people know they have chronic catarrh. They have visited doctors over and over again, and been told that their case is one of chronic catarrh. It may be of the nose, throat, lungs, stomach or some other internal organ. There is no doubt as to the nature of the disease. The only trouble is the remedy. This doctor has tried to cure them. That doctor has tried to prescribe for them.

No other household remedy so universally advertised carries upon the label the principal active constituents, showing that Peruna invites the full inspection of the critics.

LOOKED FOR OTHER TWO.

Little One Had But One Idea of Term "Fore-Handed."

Little Catherine has been boarding on a farm this summer, and many of the rural expressions are wholly unfamiliar to her. One day she chanced to hear her country hostess praising the good qualities of a certain thrifty neighbor.

"He really ain't got much, compared to some folks," said the farmer's wife, "but he makes out wonderful well; he's so fore-handed."

That evening the man thus lauded happened to drop in, and Katherine immediately sidled up to him, with curious eyes. Slowly she revolved about the chair in which he sat, and so persistently did she gaze at him that the farmer's wife finally noticed it.

"Well, Katherine," she said, "you seem to find a good deal to look at in Mr. B—; don't you?"

"Why," replied the child, her little forehead wrinkled in perplexity. "I did want to see his two over hands, but I can't. Is he sittin' on 'em?"

FATIGUED EXPRESSION.



No Liquids.

"These political meetings are fakes," grumbled the tall tramp in the green shirt.

"Why so, pard?" asked his chum. "Cause last night I went to a meetin' billed as an 'overflow meetin' and there wan't nothin' overflowin'—not even root beer."

Divisions of Creeds.

It is estimated that there are 180,000,000 Protestants in the world, as compared with 250,000,000 Catholics and 110,000,000 adherents of the Greek and Oriental churches.

SELF DELUSION

Many People Deceived by Coffee.

We like to defend our indulgences and habits even though we may be convinced of their actual harmfulness.

A man can convince himself that whisky is good for him on a cold morning, or beer on a hot summer day—when he wants the whisky or beer. It's the same with coffee. Thousands of people suffer headaches and nervousness year after year but try to persuade themselves the cause is not coffee—because they like coffee.

"While yet a child I commenced using coffee and continued it," writes a Wis. man, "until I was a regular coffee fiend. I drank it every morning and in consequence had a blinding headache nearly every afternoon."

"My folks thought it was coffee that ailed me, but I liked it and would not admit it was the cause of my trouble, so I stuck to coffee and the headaches stuck to me."

"Finally, the folks stopped buying coffee and brought home some Postum. They made it right (directions on pkg.) and told me to see what difference it would make with my head, and during the first week on Postum my old affliction did not bother me once. From that day to this we have used nothing but Postum in place of coffee—headaches are a thing of the past and the whole family is in fine health."

"Postum looks good, smells good, tastes good, is good, and does good to the whole body." "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Monarch of Bobo

By WILL LIENBEE

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Solomon Brown, able seaman, was addicted to theories. These did not always harmonize with existing things, but to him it was all the worse for existing things. Had he turned his attention to those simple duties that fall to the man before the mast, all might have been well. But he allowed himself to be carried away by the abstractions of theories. One of these proclaimed that certain men were appointed by Destiny to rule their fellowmen; another, that he, Solomon Brown, was one of those favored by Destiny. These theories conflicted with the convictions held by Capt. Nelson of the Petrel, and when Solomon Brown stirred up a mutiny, there was an encounter between lawful authority and a theory, in which one of the mates was wounded, and the captain lost a piece of his ear. The theory lost.

The affair provoked Capt. Nelson to the employment of a vigorous antidote for the mutinous spirit. Instead of placing the leader in irons to be carried to port for trial, he set him ashore on the island of Bobo—an uncharted piece of land lying in the South Pacific—leaving him a supply of provisions by which he might sustain life and thereby have the opportunity to nurse the remorse which was the price of the promulgation of untenable theories.

Some months later, when the Petrel touched at Melbourne, after a voyage to Hong-Kong, Capt. Nelson paid his respects to Mrs. Brown, wife of the marooned mutineer. When he had explained to her that her husband had not returned in the Petrel, but had been set ashore on a far-away island to meditate on the evils of mutiny, he fully expected to have a flood of reproach poured on his head, but nothing of the sort occurred. She listened to the story with calm impassivity, and when it was finished, remarked that she hoped that her husband's enforced sojourn on the island would cure him of his appetite for grog, and ended by inviting the captain to remain for supper.

So it happened that when the Petrel dropped anchor in the little bay at Bobo, just eight months after depositing Brown on its shore, the wife of the mutineer stood on the deck with Capt. Nelson, and watched the lowering of the boat which was to bring her husband back to the ship.

She stood leaning on the rail as the captain and a dozen or so of the crew entered the boat and sped shoreward, and it was only after the men had reached shore and vanished from sight that she called the mate, and asked to be taken ashore, that she might meet her husband and surprise him before he reached the ship.

Meantime, having gone ashore, the captain and his men began to search for the marooned mutineer. Falling to discover any traces of him in the vicinity of where he had been left, they proceeded inland, making their way through clumps of dense tropical foliage.

Emerging from a thick clump of palms, the little party came into an open valley. A cluster of palm huts brove on their vision, and of a sudden the whole valley was swarming with life—ferce, black, warlike life—a horde of hideous savages. As if they had been lying in ambush for the adventurers, they sprang like magic from hollow rock and thicket. With a swift maneuver they cut off the retreat of the captain's men, and advanced in solid lines.

In a twinkling they were made prisoners, and ushered into a large stockade. In the center of the enclosure was an immense palm structure, and into this the prisoners were led. As they entered they glanced about them, and then stood stock still with amazement.

At one end of the building, on a sort of raised platform, ornate with barbaric decorations, a dignified personage sat on a throne of gaudy aspect. The homage paid to him by the concourse of blacks proclaimed him a king, but it required no second glance for the captain and his men to recognize in the monarch of Bobo the familiar features of Solomon Brown, the ex-mutineer.

He surveyed the astonished group of his countrymen with a scrutiny befitting the dignity of a king, but he gave no sign of recognition.

The captain essayed to speak, but the ex-mutineer stopped him with a wave of the hand.

"The king is about to speak," he said, "and when the monarch of Bobo opens his mouth, even the winds are silent."

He took no heed of the look of disgust on the captain's face, but calmly proceeded:

"In the king of Bobo you see a justification of the theories promulgated by your former shipmate, the unfortunate Solomon Brown. His contention that he was appointed by Destiny to rule was spurned by his associates. To him this proved nothing. He only waited for his opportunity. It came. It seems like the irony of fate that the very blow that was meant to destroy his last hope should elevate him to the throne."

He paused, and regarded his auditors with lofty contempt. There

was a sinister look on his face, a look that revealed an inflexible and merciless purpose.

Capt. Nelson made no reply. In the throw of Destiny the dice had turned against him. He could frame no words of apology for what he had done, even if he had been disposed to sue for clemency.

"I see you recognize me," went on the monarch of Bobo with a hideous leer, "but the hand of oppression has cut the bonds of friendship between us. When you set me on this island to be eaten up by solitude or the natives, that was your day. To-day is mine. I rejoice that it is so. Soon after you left me here I fell in with a band of natives, and they made me a prisoner. They took me to their village, and when they had sized me up, they came to the conclusion that the most profitable thing to be done was to barbeque me. That was not a pleasant situation—for me. It set my mind to work. Something must be done, and the incentive to do it was prodigious. Here was a chance to show Caucasian superiority over the dark-skinned progeny of Ham. The mere appetite for food, when not reinforced by actual starvation, is not the strongest of human desires. Man will often neglect the calls of his stomach to provide entertainment for the mind. A brilliant thought came to me. By furnishing entertainment for my captors I might induce them to postpone their intended feast. By some skillful sleight-of-hand tricks I gained their attention. As I proceeded, they grew more and more enthralled. I put forth all my skill, and went on and on. They pressed about me. Their interest grew into amazement, amazement into wonder, and wonder into superstitions. From that moment all thoughts of the barbeque were forgotten. It is a long step from a fricassee to a throne, but before the sun had set they made me their king. It was the victory of the mind over the mind. They placed before me all the wealth of the tribe. They feasted me, they prostrated themselves before me, and endowed me with nine wives. As the monarch of Bobo my word is law.

The captain's face was a study in humiliation and anger, but he knew he could say nothing to help the cause of himself and shipmates. And the monarch of Bobo, reclining on his tawdry throne, smoked a pipe of prodigious size in silence.

He did not see the face that was glued to an opening in the structure, nor the pair of scintillant eyes that was fixed upon him. But even as he ceased speaking, a form pushed through the opening, and entered the enclosure. As the curious gaze of the monarch rested on the figure his small eyes blinked with sudden energy. He arose and peered before him, his face working with emotion. Then, as he recognized the stern, implacable features of his wife, his form became rigid as if transfixed with terror. His face paled, and he tried to speak, but only a gurgling sound issued from his throat.

And straight toward the throne the woman marched, the wonder-stricken blacks falling back to let her pass. She never paused till she stood before the trembling monarch. Then, stopping, she fixed on him a look of withering scorn.

"A fine spectacle you are making of yourself with these niggers!" she said, with suppressed wrath. "A fine husband you are, to let your lawful wife shift for herself while you play king to a lot of apes!"

"Manda—" he faltered, but she checked him with a gesture of contempt. "Don't you dare speak till I am done," she warned. "I have heard every word you said. So, while I have been at home working like a slave, pinching and saving, you have been taking your ease, playing king with a lot of niggers and boasting of nine wives!—Oh—"

Her voice rose to a shriek, and she made a grab for the monarch's ear.

"It was a joke, 'Manda,' he cried, dodging about the throne. "I tell you, it was all a joke; you never could take a joke—"

"A joke, was it?" she fairly screamed. "You dare tell me that? I'll make it a dear joke for you before I'm done with you, Solomon Brown! Don't you dare to say a word back," she warned, as he essayed to speak. "Order those niggers to release these men at once, and come with me back to the ship. Do you hear?"

"Yes—yes, 'Manda,' he said. "I am ready to do anything you say." He made a signal to the natives, and they released the prisoners, and fell back. Then Mrs. Brown took the monarch's arm, and followed by Capt. Nelson and his men, marched from the place. And thus fell the dynasty of Solomon Brown.

He never sailed in the Petrel again. There is a well-patronized sailor's inn in Melbourne, where both Capt. Nelson and his crew often repair when in port. It is presided over by Mrs. Brown, and the whilom mutineer and monarch of Bobo, who figures only as porter, finds little time to promulgate theories or indulge in those abstractions which hatch mutiny and unfilled drowsiness of power.

NEAR TO NATURE'S HEART.

I am just come back from the country. Where there're birds and bees and things Of green and fresh young beauty Such as the poet sings. I have tried to get for distant From the world's loud, busy mart, And help my soul by getting Quite near to nature's heart.

But I couldn't stand the getting; I'm back to the selfish mart; For I found that very buggy Was that same nature's heart. To the grand woods I would hie me To commune with nature there, But the number of her stinging pets Was more than I could bear.

The big wood flies they bit me, The spiders o'er me crawled, The yellow jackets stung me, Until I fairly bawled. Green worms squirmed upon me, I didn't have to go To the ants, for they came to me Till I was a holy show.

Perhaps the heart of nature Is good for one's yearning soul, But for one's bitten body? It offers naught but dole. Let those of soulful yearnings Tell of the joys it brings; But I think me of the gnats and flies, Mosquitoes and such things! —Baltimore American.

Hard to Repel.

Capt. Kidd lowered his black flag. "The boarders are coming in!" he shouted. "Me to the open water, where the Nancy Jane can show her heels."

"But you used to repel all boarders," bawled the pirate crew.

"Ah, but you don't know summer boarders, my lads. You couldn't repel them with an earthquake. If they get aboard there won't be enough food left for the pet parrot."

For long before his piratical career Capt. Kidd used to run a peaceful country boarding house and he knew what summer boarders were.—Chicago Daily News.

Another Natural Mistake.

Mrs. Jenkins—Norah, did you see that bag of confetti I bought for Freddie yesterday?

The Cook—Oh did; but, shure, Oi didn't know it was only for Freddie. There's half av it left, though.

Mrs. Jenkins (excitedly)—Half of it? What became of the rest?

The Cook—Oi cooked it, av course; an' ye all had it fer yer breakfast this mornin'.—Judge.

NATURALLY.



Aunt Frederica—Jeannie! Your costume is shocking. I would be ashamed to be seen in it!

Jeannie—Yes, aunt, you would have reason to be.

Exploded.

Thirteen unlucky? I have found it otherwise. I played at whist. And when the cards were dealt around The thirteen trumps were in my fist! —Cleveland Leader.

Mathematical Loyalty.

"I am glad," whispered the little maiden to her lover, "that you are so tall."

"Why?" he queried. "Because no matter what happens I can always love you long."—Baltimore American.

This Is Sad.

"I say, old chap!" "What's up, dear boy?" "Fearful thing. I've just discovered that I've wasted enough shoe leather, dodging that creditor of mine, to pay him twice over. By jove!"—Cleveland Leader.

Commendable.

"You say you are marrying young Van Rox to reform him? That's noble of you, but I didn't know he had any vices."

"Oh, yes. People say he's getting stinky with his money."—Cleveland Leader.

No Alternative.

Mrs. H—I hear you resigned your position as treasurer of the "Don't Worry" club.

Mrs. C—Yes. No one cared whether they paid their dues, so what was the use?—Life.

The Philosopher of Folly.

"I wonder," mused the Philosopher of Folly, "how many people tell the truth for the truth's sake, and how many for the sake of their reputation. And can you call the latter a moral crowd?"—Cleveland Leader.

The Seat of the Trouble.

"Poor Brown! I fear his mind is failing."

"What does the doctor think of his case?"

"Oh, the case is all right. It's the works that are affected."—Judge.

Fond Meetings.

"What are the first fruits of love?"

"I guess they're dates."—Baltimore American.

What is Castoria.

CASTORIA is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. F. Gerald Blatter, of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "Your Castoria is good for children and I frequently prescribe it, always obtaining the desired results."

Dr. Gustave A. Eisenbrauer, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "I have used your Castoria repeatedly in my practice with good results, and can recommend it as an excellent, mild and harmless remedy for children."

Dr. E. J. Dennis, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used and prescribed your Castoria in my sanitarium and outside practice for a number of years and find it to be an excellent remedy for children."

Dr. S. A. Buchanan, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used your Castoria in the case of my own baby and find it pleasant to take, and have obtained excellent results from its use."

Dr. J. D. Simpson, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I have used your Castoria in cases of colic in children and have found it the best medicine of its kind on the market."

Dr. R. D. Ehlidson, of Omaha, Neb., says: "I find your Castoria to be a standard family remedy. It is the best thing for infants and children I have ever known and I recommend it."

Dr. L. R. Robinson, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria certainly has merit. Is not its age, its continued use by mothers through all these years, and the many attempts to imitate it, sufficient recommendation? What can a physician add? Leave it to the mothers."

Dr. Edwin F. Pardee, of New York City, says: "For several years I have recommended your Castoria and shall always continue to do so, as it has invariably produced beneficial results."

Dr. N. B. Sizer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I object to what are called patent medicines, where maker alone knows what ingredients are put in them, but I know the formula of your Castoria and advise its use."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

NO SURPLUS FUNDS THERE.

Beggar Satisfied with Evidence of Poverty in Sight.

Two old Hebrew beggars were traveling together through the residence section of Pittsburgh not long ago, in quest of contributions toward their joint capital.

Presently they passed a handsome residence, from which sweet sounds of music issued. It was like a turn and hopefully he ascended the steps to the front door, eagerly watched by Jake, who expected quite a handsome addition to their funds.

His consternation was great consequently when he beheld the returning crestfallen and empty-handed.

Anxiously running to meet him, he said: "Well, Ike, how did you make out with the good people?"

"Ach, Jakey," replied Ike, "there was no use asking in there, because they are very poor people themselves. Just think—two lovely ladies playing on one piano!"—Judge's Library.

BABY CRIED AND SCRATCHED

All the Time—Covered with Torturing Eczema—Doctor Said Sores Would Last for Years—Perfect Cure by Cuticura.

"My baby niece was suffering from that terrible torture, eczema. It was all over her body but the worst was on her face and hands. She cried and scratched all the time and could not sleep night or day from the scratching. I had her under the doctor's care for a year and a half and he seemed to do her no good. I took her to the best doctor in the city and he said that she would have the sores until she was six years old. But if I had depended on the doctor my baby would have lost her mind and died from the want of aid. But I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and she was cured in three months. Alice L. Dowell, 4769 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo., May 2 and 20, 1907."

"None for Him." "Well, what does the hat bill come to this summer?" inquired Mr. Juggins.

"Let me see," said Mrs. Juggins, producing the long paper. "My Merry Widow, Lottie's pink Merry Widow, Ella's green and Mamie's mauve Merry Widow—total \$99.90."

"Geel!" said Mr. Juggins. "Nearly a hundred! Well, with the ten cents remaining, I guess I'd better have my old straw done up again."

The Way Out of It.

Amateur Dressmaker—This skirt is a great trouble to me; there is not enough stuff for the hem.

Faustian Friend—Then why not be brave and face your trouble?

The Spider and the Fly.

In the long warfare between the spider and the fly, the latter has had the housewife for its auxiliary and friend. The flies have been tolerated, even fed and nurtured, while the spiders and their webs have been ruthlessly destroyed. This unrelenting and unrelenting war against it keeps the spider population down, while the flies increase and multiply by the millions and ten of millions, almost unchecked. The spider is ugly and his web is unsightly in the estimation of most people, but spiders hurt no human creature. They feed on flies, which are the foes of mankind, and do mankind a service.—Philadelphia Press.

Absorbing.

Silas—Ha! Ha! Reuben got bunked again.

Cyrus—Do tell! What was it this time?

Silas—Why, Reuben saw an ad that stated that for one dollar they would send him some of the most absorbing literature he ever read.

Cyrus—And what did they send him?

Silas—Why, they sent him a pamphlet entitled "How Blotters Are Made" and another entitled "Points on Turkish Towels."

An Unenthusiastic Host.

"Did you invite Mr. Bliggins to our house party?" asked Mr. Cumrox.

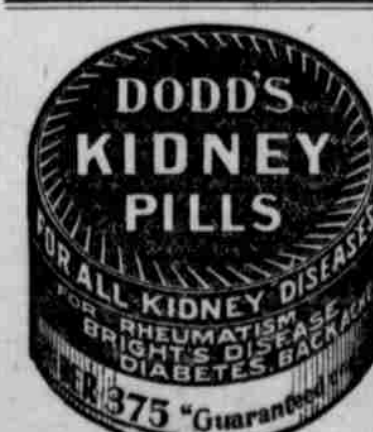
"Yes," answered Mrs. Cumrox. "I'm afraid he considers house parties stupid. He sent his regrets."

"He shows sense. I have a mind to send him my congratulations."

Woman Owns Household. The wife in Abyssinia always owns the house and contents.

Those Tired, Aching Feet of Yours need Allen's Foot-Powder. See at your Druggist's. Write A. & C. O. Mumford, Le Roy, N. Y., for sample.

It's sometimes easier to catch on than it is to let go.



OF COURSE HE WOULDN'T.



"You certainly wouldn't marry a girl for her money, would you, Tom?"

"Of course not; neither would I have the heart to let her become an old maid because she happened to be well off."

Novel Use for Visiting Cards.

In connection with the forthcoming world's drawing congress in London, when it is anticipated that 3,000 people will attend the reception at the Royal College of Art, it is proposed, for the purpose of identification, that members of the British committee should wear their visiting cards upon the lapels of their coats or their dress bodices.



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SUPERIOR REMEDY FOR URINARY DISCHARGES, ETC. DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF 50 CENTS. PLANTEN & SON, 95 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.



DEFIANCE STARCH—16 ounces to the package—other starches only 12 ounces—same price and "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.



W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 34, 1908.